



Strange Murders



murder

mystery

246 14 27

Chapter 1 by R

He stared at the file. It seemed simple enough. Two men, at two different labs, had faced accidents. One had been electrocuted, the other killed by a freak chemical explosion. Standard stuff.

Most of the time he would have ignored cases like this. He was one of the best detectives in the city, no time to waste on stuff like this.

But there had been a symbol at both crime scenes. A signature.

He had a nagging feeling that there was something off about this case. That these two deaths were connected.

"Detective Sharpe?" Someone said, leaning in to the office. "We found another of the symbols."

"Where?" He asked quickly.

"A nuclear plant. They found a body floating in the waste, killed by the radiation."

None of this made any sense. If it was the same person, the crimes were the same. What could possibly be the motive?

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He went off to investigate the nuclear plant.

Chapter 2 by Andrew Loneragan



The plant was standard, security was tight, expected for such an event like a murder, suicide, accidental death all possible answers yet to be verified. Detective Sharpe stood awkwardly staring down at the body as it lay in the waste like a broken mannequin.

"How can your body even make that shape?" asked officer O'Donnell.

"Radiation is a funny thing" Sharpe replied.

The local ME covered the body with a white tarp and climbed out of the waste container.

"So Doc what's the C.O.D?" Sharpe asked.

Doctor Montgomery stated "It was definitely the Radiation but our poor friend didn't get into this unearthly container by himself and the levels of Radiation in his system is too high to of been absorbed this quick.

Sharpe looked at the doctor confused.

The doctor continued "The amount of radiation in the vic's system would have taken about fifty years to inhale"

"The plant's open only ten" Sharpe exclaimed "somebody force radiation into his system"

"That's my conclusion" Montgomery added.

Sharpe journeyed to his car, got in, turned his keys in the ignition and stared at the file sitting dormant in the passenger seat.

It felt like the file was screaming at him. The final answer was, the deaths were not an accident, they were murders. Sharpe's worst nightmare had come true, there was a serial killer with no motive and nothing to help find the trigger-man.

Chapter 3 by Astrid

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Nothing but the symbol. It was simple, a circle with an X shaped through it, as red as blood.

Sharpe had a nagging feeling, something was off, he knew, which was very little as he drove slowly back to his office. He wasn't paying attention to anything around him when he unlocked his office door. Sharpe was so involved, he didn't

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even notice that the door as already open. When he stepped through the door, something sharp stabbed his side, breaking through skin. He fell to the ground. A raspy voice breathed by his side. "Keep out of this, if you know what's good for you."

Chapter 4 by Shao GamePlay



Detective Sharpe fell to his knees, clutching his side and coughing up blood. "Dammit" Sharpe thought, "How could I have been so oblivious?" He grit his teeth and stared at his attacker looming above him. The guy was a pretty typical kind of criminal. Navy blue jacket, latex gloves, black jeans, some old boots, and of course, a black ski mask.

"So, I've noticed you've been sticking your nose in places that are very dangerous," He glanced at the business card sticking out of Sharpe's pocket, "Detective 'Sharpe'"

Sharpe spit blood into his attacker's face. And tried punching him with no success.

"Sucker's still got some fight left in him eh?"

"There's no way in hell I'm submitting to a low li-" Sharpe was cut short when a heavy combat boot collided with his ribs, making a sickening crunch. Definitely at least two broken ribs.

"Hey, do yourself a favor bud. If you survive this, just drop the case." And with that, the attacker punched Sharpe in the gut, knocking the wind out of him, and left the room. Detective Sharpe was left bleeding out on the floor breathless with multiple broken ribs. Slowly, Sharpe's vision began to fade into darkness. He knew his only chance was a briefing of a murder case that was scheduled at four o'clock, just ten minutes from now. Maybe someone would notice something was off and find him. Maybe he would be saved. Or, maybe not.

Chapter 5 by Sophia Whalen



Nobody came, one, two, three, ten minutes passed. There was no hope, as soon as he started to give up hope though he heard boots, he called out as loud as he could, which wasn't very loud and somebody came in. Who came in did not make him feel saved though, it made him feel

doomed.

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Chapter 6 by Yamilah Brown

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There he came back the same guy who stabbed him before. "Well, I see your still here. How long has it been 5-10 minutes?". Sharpe was quick to answer "Others will worry if I'm not there. They'll come looking for me here, at my office!" The man just stood there looking at Sharpe, thinking of something to do with him. "What's your name?" Sharpe asked him but, the man didn't answer. "Why does it matter to you?!" he said with what seemed anger and frustration. "Fine, tell me about yourself."

Chapter 7 by auguste rowe



"I won't tell you anything you son of a-" the other man stabbed him and said "Watch it!". "Fine if you won't tell me anything then maybe your wife will." He said holding up a photograph of Sharpe's wife with an X on it. "NO! don't you dare touch her!" yelled Sharpe. The other man started laughing an evil laugh.

"Bye!" he said leaving Sharpe alone "Maybe I'll see you later... or not!" he then closed the doors. "What am I gonna do?....." thought Sharpe. Then a green mist started taking over the room.....
poison!

Chapter 8 by PantherProductions



Holding his breath he attempted to stand up. Unsuccessfully he tried 3 times. Then decided to crawl to the door. He reached up and couldn't get his hand around the doorknob. Then after one last try he pushed himself up enough to reach the doorknob. He pulled down and pushed open the door. It was windy outside when he opened the door. The wind pulled out the green gas and it faded into the air. He released his pent up breath and gasped for air. Screaming down to someone below him he tried to crawl out the door. Because his office was across the street from his house he could see that the door to his house was open. And there was someone on the floor in front of the door. Still holding the groceries she was bringing in, she sat cold on the ground. Her mouth open and blood coming out of it. With new enraged strength he pushed himself up onto his knees. Then onto his feet. Swaying, he vowed that before he bled out, he would find and kill the man who killed his wife. He looked down and saw that there were bloody shoeprints leading

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"Yes, Yes. now. You must die." They walked closer together and grappled with their hands. Then Sharpe grabbed the man by the shoulders.

"If I die. You die with me." He then leaned in and latched his hands behind the man and threw himself off the side of the plant and into the radioactive tank. The man screamed bloody murder as he thrashed in the boiling liquid. Sharpe just sat there. He didn't scream, he didn't panic, he just thought his last thoughts. About his wife, about the people he had saved by killing him, and about the people he avenged. Then, with one final sigh, his vision failed. And he floated into the abyss to join his wife.

the end

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